

# Good Morning 631

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

R. A. KEMP discusses the prospects of ordinary people who bid for racehorses and challenge the big shots of the Turf

## Three Chaps Buy a Filly—Well Well!

ALL the racing world is watching, with uneasy and yet envious eyes, the amazing experiment that three country chaps—a farmer, a garage owner and a docker—are carrying out with a racehorse.

Straight up from Somerset, they started the bidding for one of the daughters of Orwell, 2,000 Guineas winner, at the September Newmarket sales—and a minute or two later the filly was knocked down to them at 45 guineas.

"Well, well!" said the startled purchasers, and Well Well has become the horse's due name. Then, another week, the syndicate went to Newmarket again and bought Shah Rang, a colt with a lot of French blood, for 65 guineas.

Can ordinary people do anything among the big shots of the Turf? That is what the Somerset boys are going to find out.

Their £110 racing stable has its headquarters in a garage, an ex-jockey, now in a shipyard, is doing the training, and one of the boys is even building a mock starting gate to get the horse used to it.

Well Well is actually to race at Newmarket this year, and a number of people fancy Shah Rang as a still better prospect.

What price success? The answer is perhaps best told in the experience of Miss Edith Topham who bought a horse two years ago at the Newmarket sales for 210 guineas and named it Little Pip, hoping it would prove a pippin.

Edith actually earns only £5 a week driving an eight-ton lorry, and the racehorse represented the investment of a legacy.

After a few initial successes she entered him for the substitute Manchester Cup last year.

She admits herself that she was hard up when she went to Pontefract races to see him run.

All she could afford was a straight £1 bet to win—and Little Pip romped home, bringing her £950 in stake money plus a £10 win on her modest bet.

The practice of partnership, owning a racehorse or even the leg of a racehorse, is more customary than might be imagined.

Not long ago a working men's club got together and bought a horse for ten guineas. They claimed that they didn't mean to race seriously but just wanted a lot of fun. Their investment had repaid its cost price and all expenses and showed a profit of £100 when it was sold four months later.

In another instance a horse was sold for £20 in September, and won a £100 stake in March.

Indeed, some inexpensive horses have been entered for the sticks and have recouped their owners in even faster time. The same thing has been done with yearlings which have recouped their owners ten times over as two-year-olds.

Yet the real secret of success in a small man is the

knowledge of when to sell. It is sometimes possible to buy an ungainly colt and sell at a profit a little later when his finer points are more obvious—and a single win runs up the price of every cheap horse at a run. Nor is there any lack of buyers.

Another young friend of mine, Miss Lilo Blum, bought Pick Up at Newmarket with a hoard of threepenny bits she had saved since she was ten.

Now, entered for three Irish classic races, Pick Up has already been profitably sold at a price sufficient to pay Lilo's training as a vet.

Then there is Mr. L. Nedditch, a small but shrewd investor who deliberately goes out to buy up failures. He bought Tuppence, most famous of all unlucky horses from Miss Dorothy Paget, for £250 and now has a racing string of seven horses.

Once valued at £10,000, they cost him less than £500. Though they have won few races, Mr. Nedditch believes that their names are famous enough to have stud value.

Derby winners beyond number, for instance, have been sired by Derby entrants that tried but failed.

But what has happened to Jack Gaulston, I wonder? He was a man who came to Britain from India with plenty of capital but little racing knowledge, but he found a racing system which no expert had spotted before.

His method was to run good-class horses in selling races and gamble heavily on them. In selling races, of course, the winner has to be sold after the race, and the price may be as low as fifty



## A Picture for C.P.O. HARRY BROTHERTON

TEA-TIME at home, C.P.O. Harry Brotherton.

Walking into your home at 147, Clopton Street, Hulme, Manchester, just as the meal was on the table, we saw this little scene, and came away with a picture that will bring back many memories for you.

Sister Nora is still the "Mother," doing the housework and keeping the place in shipshape. Spending his leave—for ten days—was your brother John, who has now recovered from the wound he received in Burma. He was

enjoying the rest, mingled with a spot of home life.

And this is the rest of the home news in short sentences. Harold is still in the fighting line, and at present is in Belgium. Fred is now in the Royal Artillery, but still in Lancashire. Helen and Wilf are now working.

They are all waiting for you to join them in the afternoon sojourn round the tea-pot. . . .

Until you do, they say Good Luck!

## 30 Million are Fans

REMARKABLE figures concerning the industry were given by Arnold Williams, managing director of National Screen Service, in an address to the Society of Cinematarians on what the trade has done for the war effort.

He pointed out that of a population of 47,000,000 in this country, three million went to the cinema every week. There would have been 4½ million but for the fact that 377 halls suffered in the blitzes, and that 188 have not resumed business. Churches fill about a quarter of their seats each week. The industry fills 28 times as many in the same time.

"Thirty million people are going to the cinema every week. The total population of the world is 2,200,000,000, so that in 1½ years you have accomplished the equivalent of putting pictures before every man, woman and child in the world."



## P.O. JOE WALTON BLOWS HIS TRUMPET

STILL blowing your old trumpet, P.O. Joe Walton?

When "G.M." representatives called at 172, Canterbury Road, Davyhulme, Manchester, your wife played us your favourite record—Harry James, blowing out "Strictly Instrumental"—we're all of the same opinion, Joe—that's a good record!

Mrs. Walton and her Mother (oh! and Fluffy, too!) made us very welcome at your house. We had a nice hot cup of tea and a very friendly chat round the fire. Mrs. Ellis told us

that when you are home the teapot is always warm—well, now we know why—she makes such lovely tea!

Micky, your sister-in-law, wasn't at home when we called, but she hasn't forgotten the "leg" competition that you and she are going to have on your return.

Everyone sends their best wishes, and your wife adds these words—"Look after yourself, darling. I'm looking forward so much to seeing you again."



## E.R.A. TOM MERRICK—HERE IS NAVAL TRADITION

YES, E.R.A. Tom Merrick!—here he is—your very own three-months-old son—Tony. You can see for yourself that he really is a "bonny, bouncing" baby, and true to all traditions of the Navy; is "bright and breezy" in the bargain.

When "Good Morning" called, we found him in his pram, sunning himself in the front garden of 44, Salisbury Road, Davyhulme, Manchester. This "peace" (as Mrs. Merrick calls it) only reigned for a few brief minutes, and soon after our arrival your wife brought him in to see us. (No, we didn't waken him either—he must have KNOWN we were from "Good Morning.")

Everyone thinks that Tony is like you, Tom. What little hair he has favours a ginger tint, and his eyes are a beautiful blue. He's got a special little baby habit, though—that of waving his chubby arms about

and sucking his fists at intervals!

Your wife had been very busy washing and ironing all the morning, and Marie was there to help her. They both send their best wishes to you, and Mrs. Merrick is just longing for the day when you'll be home with her and Tony.

Bill, your brother-in-law, has finished the cot, and a real "posh" affair it is, too—brown, polished wood—all ready for when Tony is a wee bit older. But he's growing very quickly, Tom, so that won't be so very far off, now.

When he was only 11 weeks old he weighed 16lb., and his mother says—"he's getting heavier every day. Even his coats don't fit him now, he's growing so fast."

Your family are all "in the pink" and send their love. Look after yourself, Tom, and good luck to you, is the message from everyone.

## Alex Cracks

"In these times of economic stress a leaf should be taken from the book of the thrifty Scottish housewife," says a newspaper. So long as you don't take a leaf from her tea ration.

A Tokyo bank failed recently, but a prominent Nazi leader has had a reassuring cablegram from Japan that it wasn't the one containing his hon. nest-egg.

guineas. By his betting, Gaulston had to cover the cost of purchase and the loss of selling.

Compelled to accept very short prices on the small fields, Gaulston was yet so skilled—and had so much capital to risk—that he could place as much as £10,000 on a horse, win at even money and have an enormous profit.

A clean-up of £20,000 a day was at one time supposed to be nothing to him. I once saw a cheque which had been paid to him by the bankers of a single turn accounting firm on his winnings. It was for £150,000.

But Jack Gaulston vanished as quickly as he came. He cleaned up a packet and returned to India, and I have not heard of him again.

## BOUQUETS just make

us feel foolish . . .

BRICKBATS are what

we really enjoy. So

let's hear from you.

Address:

"Good Morning,"

c/o Press Division,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# WHEN GOD LAUGHS

CARQUINEZ had relaxed finally.

He stole a glance at the rattling windows, looked upwards at the beamed roof, and listened for a moment to the savage roar of the south-easter as it caught the bungalow in its bellowing jaws. Then he held his glass between him and the fire and laughed for joy through the golden wine.

"It is beautiful," he said. "It is sweetly sweet. It is a woman's wine, and it was made for gray-robed saints to drink."

"We grow it on our own warm hills," I said, with pardonable Californian pride. "You rode up yesterday through the vines from which it was made."

It was worth while to get Carquinez to loosen up. Nor was he ever really himself until he felt the mellow warmth of the wine singing in his blood. He was an artist, it is true, always an artist; but somehow, sober, the high pitch and lilt went out of his thought-pro-

**"The man and the woman argued thus: why kiss once only? If to kiss once were wise, was it not wiser to kiss not at all? Thus could they keep Love alive... Fasting; he would knock for ever at their hearts." They thought themselves artists in Love, but could such a theory prove itself in practice?**

**JACK LONDON tells the story**

cesses and he was prone to be as dead as a British Sunday—not dull as other men are dull, but dull when measured by the sprightly wight that Monte Carquinez was when he was really himself.

From all this it must not be inferred that Carquinez, who

is my dear friend and dearer comrade, was a sot.

His was a wise and instinctive temperateness that savoured of the Greek. Yet he was far from Greek. "I am Aztec, I am Inca, I am Spaniard," I have heard him say.

And in truth he looked it, a compound of strange and ancient races, what with his swarthy skin and the asymmetry and primitiveness of his features. His eyes, under massively arched brows, were wide apart and black with the blackness that is barbaric, while before them was perpetually falling down a great black mop of hair through which he gazed like a roguish satyr from a thicket. He invariably wore a soft flannel shirt under his velvet-corduroy jacket, and his necktie was red. This latter stood for the red flag (he had once lived with the Socialists of Paris), and it symbolized the blood and brotherhood of man.

As I have said, Carquinez was made quick by wine—"as the clay was made quick when God breathed the breath of life into it," was his way of saying

it. I confess that he was blasphemously intimate with God; and I must add that there was no blasphemy in him. He was at all times honest, and because he was compounded of paradoxes, greatly misunderstood by those who did not know him. He could be as elementally raw at times as a screaming savage; and at other times as delicate as a maid, as subtle as a Spaniard. And—well, was he not Aztec? Inca? Spaniard?

And now I must ask pardon for the space I have given him. (He is my friend, and I love him.) The house was shaking to the storm as he drew closer to the fire and laughed at it through his wine. He looked at me, and by the added lustre of his eye, and by the alertness of it, I knew that at last he was pitched in his proper key.

"And so you think you've won out against the gods?" he demanded.

"Why the gods?"

"Whose will but theirs has put satiety upon man?" he cried.

"And whence the will in me

to escape satiety?" I asked here amongst the hills.

He tossed his straight hair back from his flashing eyes and scarcely interrupted to roll a long, brown, Mexican cigarette. "But the gods know. It is an old trick. All the generations of man have tried it... and lost. The gods know how to deal with such as you."

"To pursue is to possess, and to possess is to be sated. And so you, in your wisdom, have refused any longer to pursue. You have elected surcease. Very well. You will become sated with surcease."

"But look at me!" I cried. Carquinez was ever a demon for haling one's soul out and making rags and tatters of it. He looked me witheringly up and down.

"You see no signs," I challenged. "Decay is insidious," he retorted. "You are rotten ripe."

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. Tricot is a cot for triplets, fruit, coarse knitting, national flag of three colours?

2. What very common wild flower is variously known as Nipperails, Ticking Tommy, Cat-jugs, Bull-beef?

3. The Crystal Palace was destroyed by fire in: 1930, '32, '34, '36, '38?

4. What are the meanings of

the girls' names. (a) Ethel, (b) Frances?

5. Which is the higher voice, alto or contralto?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—17, 62, 27, 53, 26, 35, 80.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 630

1. Horse's stall.  
2. October 11th because on that date the Devil goes round spitting on them.

3. (a) A herb, (b) soft goat-skin.

4. (a) Pleasure, (b) Purity.

5. Flautist.

6. Arkansas does not end with an "a"; others do.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



HAD a pint in the Swan Hotel, Berkhamsted, the other day. This 600-year-old inn, situated on the main road of Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, is reputed to be the oldest building in the town.

The shops on either side, now owned by fashionable multiple stores, are of the same period, and were at one time part of the Swan.

Inside the inn it is difficult to realise that one is not still in the 16th century; the oak beams reaching across and up and down the walls, the colourful tapestries, and the steps from one bar to the next retain all the crudity and charm of that period.

In 1841, when Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort passed through the town, they changed horses at the Swan, and William Cowper, the poet, sat for many hours in the saloon bar, gazing out of the tiny window on to the picturesque countryside of Hertfordshire. In 1529, Wolsey visited there frequently from his nearby residence. Being within the limits of the historic ruins of the famous Berkhamsted Castle, the inn has great antiquarian interest, and in the last war officer cadets of the Inns of Court Regt. were billeted there.

The beer is good, too.



MORE roads in County Wexford are to be beautified by having apple trees planted along the margins.

Contrary to many expectations since the scheme was started by the County Council two years ago, there has been practically no interference with the trees by small boys or others.

Hundreds of trees have been planted, and Mr. T. D. Sinnott, county manager, has placed an order for several hundred more to be planted immediately. Eventually every public road will be ornamented.



Sailor: "What's that gungling noise?"  
Wren: "It's me trying to swallow your line."

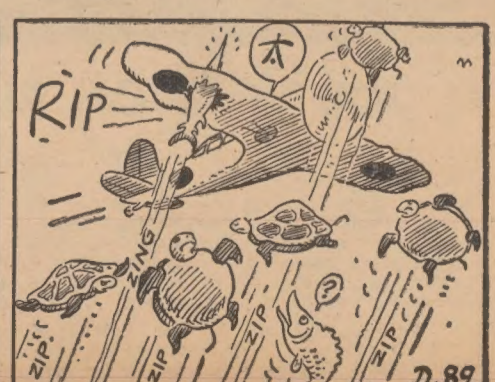
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



## Wangling Words No. 570

1. Behead a piece of wood and get a small creature.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Nyam puc pills a dam wixit pil sheret.*
3. What European capital has EN for the exact middle of its name
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: *I couldn't jump, I'd — have the —.*

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 569

1. S-take.
2. Once a shepherd never a sheep.
3. CaIro.
4. Limes, miles.

## JANE

# When God Laughs

(Continued from Page 2)

I laughed and forgave him for his very devilry. But he refused to be forgiven.

"Do I not know?" he asked. "The gods always win. I have watched men play for years what seemed a winning game. In the end they lost."

"Don't you ever make mistakes?" I asked.

He blew many meditative rings of smoke before replying. "Yes, I was nearly fooled once. Let me tell you. There was Marvin Fiske. You remember him? And his Dantesque face and poet's soul, singing his chant of the flesh, the very priest of Love? And there was Ethel Baird, whom also you must remember."

"A warm saint," I said.

"That is she! Holy as Love, and sweeter! Just a woman, made for love; and yet—how

shall I say?—drenched through with holiness as your own air here is with the perfume of flowers. Well, they married. They played a hand with the gods —"

"And they won, they gloriously won!" I broke in.

Carquinez looked at me pityingly, and his voice was like a funeral bell.

"They lost. They supremely, colossally lost."

"But the world believes otherwise," I ventured coldly.

"The world conjectures. The world sees only the face of things. But I know. Has it ever entered your mind to wonder why she took the veil, buried herself in that dolorous convent of the living dead?"

"Because she loved him so, and when he died."

Speech was frozen on my lips by Carquinez's sneer.

"A pat answer," he said,

"machine-made like a piece of cotton-drill. The world's judgment! And much the world knows about it. Like you, she fled from life. She was beaten. She flung out the white flag of fatigue. And no beleaguered city ever flew that flag in such bitterness and tears."

"Now I shall tell you the whole tale, and you must believe me, for I know. They had pondered the problem of satiety. They loved Love. They knew to the uttermost farthing the value of Love. They loved him so well that they were fain to keep him always, warm and a -thrill in their hearts. They welcomed his coming; they feared to have him depart."

"Love was desire, they held, a delicious pain."

"He was ever seeking easement, and when he found that for which he sought, he died."

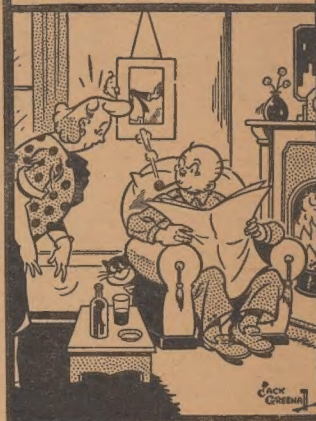
They saw it was not the way of life to be hungry for what it has. To eat and still be hungry—man has never accomplished that feat. To have and to keep the sharp famine-edge of appetite at the groaning board. This was their problem, for they loved Love.

"They were not cold wraiths, this man and woman. They were warm human. They had no Saxon soberness in their blood. The colour of it was sunset red. They glowed with it. Temperamentally theirs was the French joy in the flesh. It was not tempered by the chill and sombre fluid that for the English serves as blood. There was no stoicism about them. They were Americans."

"The man and the woman argued thus: Why kiss once only? If to kiss once were wise, was it not wiser to kiss not at all? Thus could they keep Love alive...Fasting, he would knock for ever at their hearts."

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"What d'you mean, my leave's up to-morrow? My pass says I'm entitled to seven clear days, and up to now five of em's been foggy!"



## RUGGLES

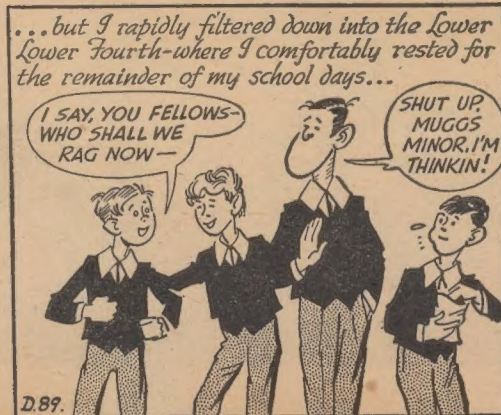
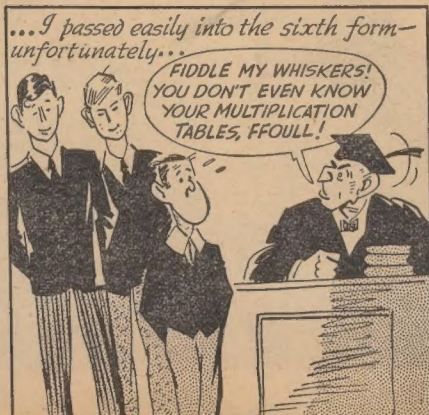


## GARTH



## JUST JAKE

Uncle Albert's cuff cribs were wizard!—They covered everything from the Three Rs to the Three Card Trick—includin' the usual languages—Greek, Latin, French, English and Bad...



## Indignant Eire

OUTBURSTS against films continue in Eire. The latest came from District Justice Johnson at Tralee when dealing with boys charged with housebreaking.

Police Supt. J. J. Quinlan remarked, "There certainly was a Hollywood gangster touch about the way these boys carried on all over the town." District Justice Johnson then said, "The pictures that are being shown in this country at present are, I am perfectly satisfied, the cause of a tremendous amount of crime."

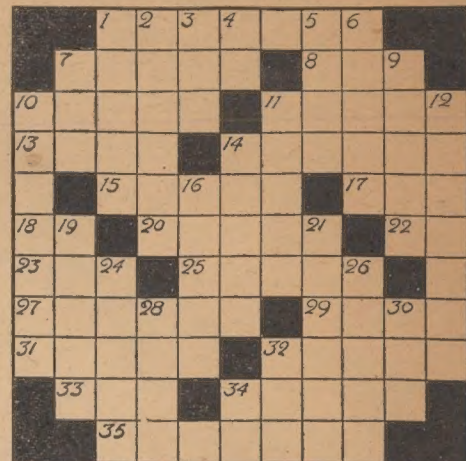
"I feel that by discussing pictures in the way I am going to discuss them I shall be a voice crying in the wilderness."

"The way the pictures are being censored in this country at the present time, when the whole morality of the decalogue is being squeezed into one Commandment and the other nine are being thrown to the winds, when six of the seven deadly sins are glorified on the screen—in fact, when the only test for morality seems to be 'Is it sexual?' and if not, it is all right—shows that any other crime except this one is openly glorified."

"Until the censor in Eire censors pictures that show murder, pride, robbery or covetousness, or unless the law forbids people under 17 to go to these films, picture houses will continue to be a serious and tremendous influence for evil."

## CROSS-WORD CORNER

DASH ROTARY  
ILLIBERAL E  
ABIDES BOWL  
LAG DIP NIL  
THY DEIGNS  
ARTESIAN C  
DO WEN KEEL  
DSO AGO X A  
USUAL ACTOR  
C SPEAK RUG  
ENTER SPATE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Scurry. 7 Convey by boat. 8 Soft food. 10 Store. 11 Tendon. 13 Early man. 14 Wrangle. 15 Prize. 17 Snow-shoe. 18 Thanks. 20 Storms. 22 Street. 23 Confection. 25 Meal. 27 Melted. 29 Scold. 31 Rye disease. 32 Wild ox. 33 Pile. 34 Young animal. 35 Changes opinion.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Calyx-leaf. 2 Norfolk town. 3 Skill. 4 Pronoun. 5 Poem. 6 Rows. 7 Nourished. 9 Peeps. 10 Not at night. 11 Hooter. 12 Composed. 14 Commenced. 16 Servant. 19 Nut. 21 Handwriting. 24 British composer. 26 Clasp. 28 Shark. 30 Rattle. 32 Soft cake. 34 Parent.

## STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER AND RIGHT FROM THE HEART

"This is the way it is, fellows. I'm a film star. I'm Julie Bishop, and I make pictures for Warner Bros. I attend the hairdresser's every morning — and when he gets through, my hair looks much as it does now. I attend in the afternoon to have 'stills' taken — and when the photographer gets through, I look much as you see me now. Sometimes there's more of me, sometimes less. Sometimes I'm a sports-girl with wind-blown hair, sometimes I'm just the 'little woman,' making home heaven for hubby, but more often than not, I'm a siren in black lace. Seems a pity to me you'll never know the real Julie Bishop. What do you think?"

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Only twenty-seven  
men have known the  
real me!"

